

Hop- away Joey

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A MESSAGE TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS:

In this new series of inexpensive books for children, Rand McNally is presenting carefully selected, good literature for the very young child. Books in this series are factual, fanciful, humorous, questioning and adventurous. It is hoped that the series will provide for the masses of children whose parents might be unaware of the availability of good literature at such nominal cost. We firmly believe that the love and appreciation of literature must begin when the child is very young.

The human story format of *Hop-Away Joey* points out for children the loving concern and instinct to protect her young that is characteristic of most animal mothers.

To children in Australia, the kangaroo, koala bear and wallaby are familiar. To children of other lands, they hold a fascination. For these children, introduction and reference to the eucalyptus, the wattle and the coolibah trees, and to the emu and the galah should further their delight and curiosity of this faraway place.

Genuine effort has been made to present factual information and illustrations. For parents, teachers, or children the reading and use of this book might well lead to library trips for further stories, pictures and information about Australia.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
Evanston, Illinois



Hop- away Joey

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MAMA KANGA was a big kangaroo. She had two small front legs, two large back legs and a big long tail.

When Mama Kanga went places, she didn't run, she hopped—long, high hops.

On the front of Mama Kanga's furry white stomach was a pouch. In this pouch she carried her baby, Joey.

One day about noon Mama Kanga decided it was time for a nap. With her two short front legs she scratched out a shallow place in the ground underneath a gum tree until it was just right to rest in. She closed her eyes. Soon she and Joey were fast asleep.





When Mama Kanga woke up her pouch felt empty. It *was* empty! Joey had hopped away! Where could he be?

Mama Kanga leaned back on her long tail and looked about. She wiggled her ears to catch some sound of Joey. Her wet nose twitched as she sniffed the air for smells. There was no sign of Joey.



Mama Kanga hopped quickly away to hunt for her baby. Soon she met an emu bird. "Good afternoon, Emu," said Mama Kanga. "Have you seen my Joey?"

"No, I haven't," said the emu.







Farther on Mama Kanga saw a koala bear up in a eucalyptus tree.

"Hello, Koala," called Mama Kanga. "Have you seen my Joey?"

"No," said the koala bear.



Mama Kanga went on. Suddenly, through the pads on the bottom of her feet, she felt a trembling in the ground that came from hopping. "But it can't be Joey," she thought. "It is too heavy for him."

Out from a clump of bushes hopped a wallaby. Wallabys look like kangaroos only they are much smaller.

“Hello, Wallaby,” said Mama Kanga. “Have you seen my Joey?”

“No,” said the wallaby and away he hopped.





By this time it was late in the afternoon. Mama Kanga was worried. She *must* find her Joey before dark.

Then, in the distance, Mama Kanga saw two eagles swooping over some wattle trees.

Mama Kanga was really worried now. Eagles were just about a baby kangaroo's worst enemy.



Mama Kanga hopped as fast as she could over to the wattle trees.

When the eagles spied Mama Kanga they swooped at her. They brushed her face with the tips of their wings. This made Mama Kanga sneeze and cough and snort with fear. But she didn't run away.



Back went the eagles to try to drive something out from under the wattle trees. Then Mama Kanga saw Joey! He was hiding underneath the trees.

“Don’t move, Joey!” she snorted. “Stay there until dark. Eagles can’t hunt in the dark.”

Before long, just before the hot sun disappeared beneath the distant edge of the plain, the eagles flew away.

“Come here, Joey,” Mama Kanga called.



Joey squeezed out from beneath the wattle trees. Mama Kanga leaned forward. With her front paws she held wide the opening to her pouch. Joey gave a leap high into the air and landed right in the pouch.

Mama Kanga looked down at Joey a little crossly.





“I hope you have learned your lesson, Joey,” she said. “It is dangerous to go off by yourself at your age. Will you promise never to run away again?”

“Yes, Mama Kanga,” said Joey.

It was bedtime when Mama Kanga and Joey got back to the mob of kangaroos. Once again Mama Kanga scratched out a soft place in the earth to lie on.

"It is time to go to sleep," said Mama Kanga to Joey, "so close your eyes."

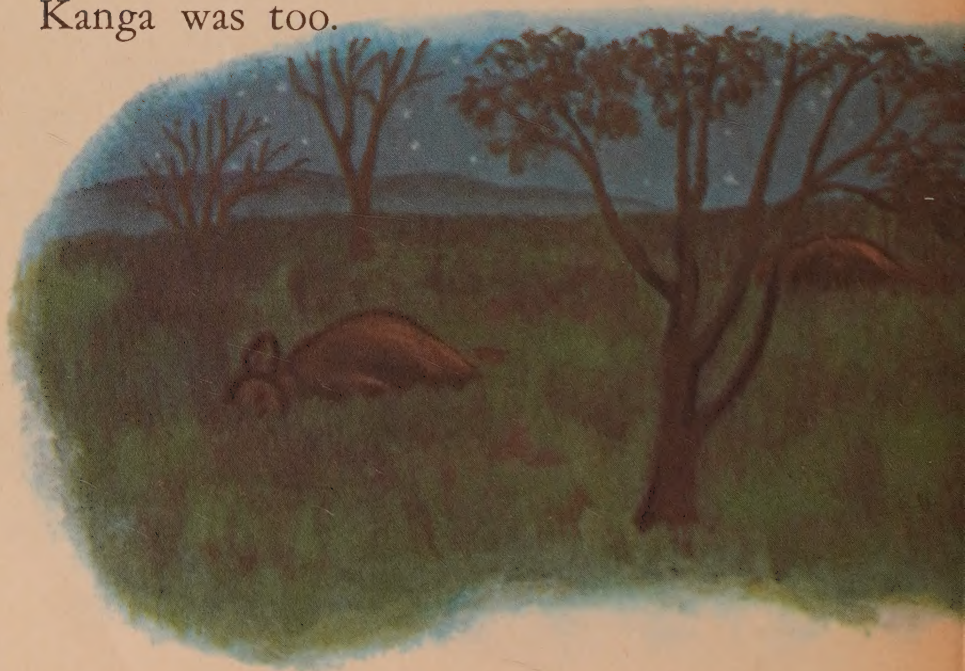


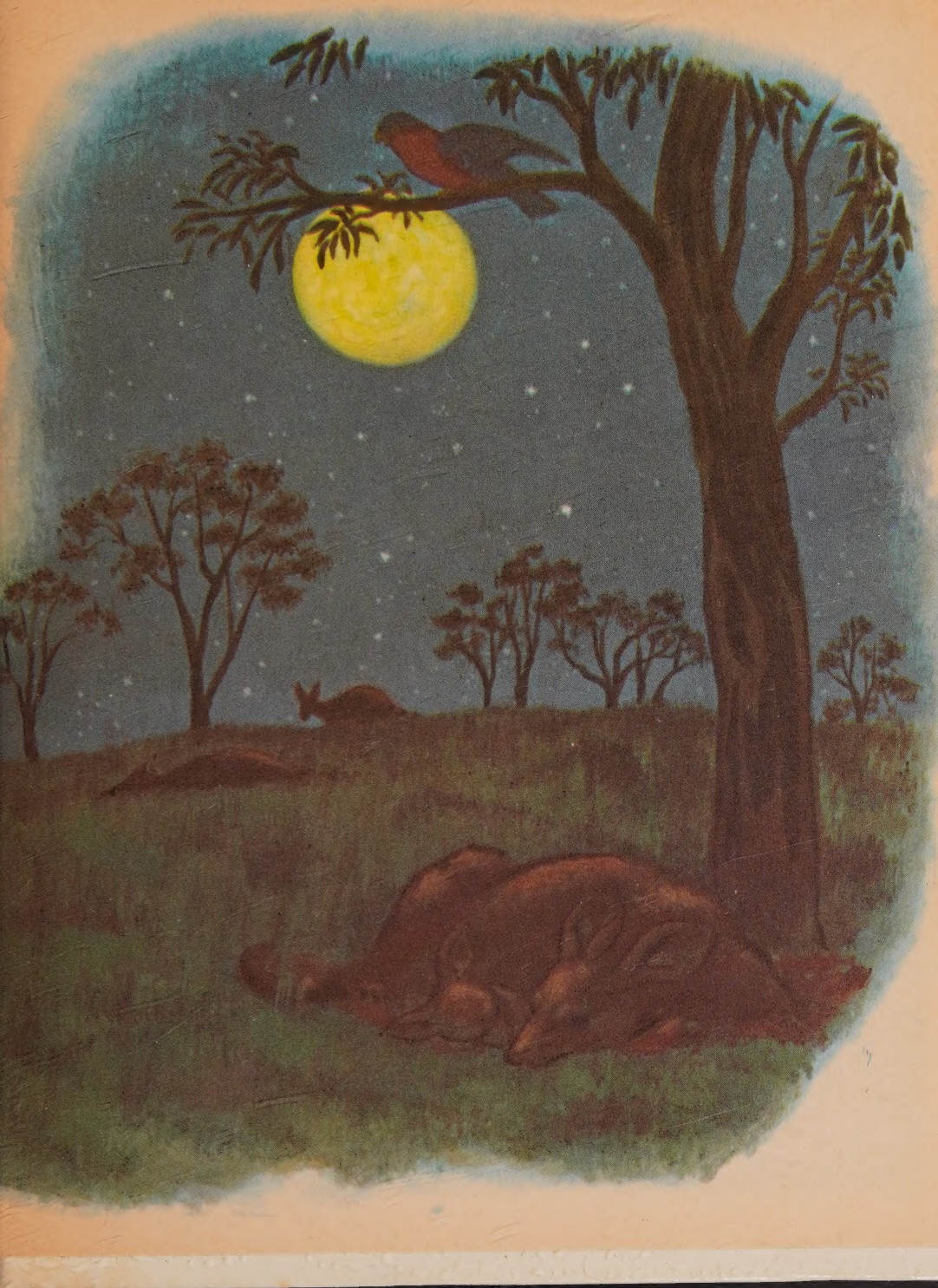



Mama Kanga was so happy to have her Joey safely back with her once more she sang a little song, one she often sang at bedtime,

*Sleep, Joey mine, cuddle close up to me,
While the galah sings in the coolibah tree.
Here in my pouch, all cozy and warm,
You can rest safely away from all harm.
So sleep to the tune of the murmuring breeze
And the galah's singing in the coolibah trees.*

Joey was sound asleep. And soon Mama Kanga was too.







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